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THE SWEETEST BABY OF ALL.

Bring you to rest with a dear old song,
That echoes from days of yore,
And many a mother's heart is strong,
Has crooned it to babes before.
Though many a sibling's as soft and
White,
And many a nest as small,
Yet close in my arms to-night,
The sweetest baby of all.

Though others may welcome to broader
lands,
And boast of a fuller store,
And fill with gifts the tiny hands,
No matter to me what wealth bestows,
For blessings to each I have,
And riches may get. My own heart knows,
The sweetest baby of all.

The cooling was words that babies repeat,
And the drop of a teary bead,
And the dimples lurking in hands and feet,
And the look of love in baby's eyes,
Are joys that never pall,
Yet far more reason have I to prize
The sweetest baby of all.

The heavy lids close and the downy head,
Falls softly on my breast,
And gently transfer to my heart,
My darling one sinks to rest.
With swift little grace that I watch
Arise,
Soothing of ill befall,
Quite softly I kiss you good night, good
night.

The sweetest baby of all.
—Nellie M. Tener, in Farm Journal.

FIGHT WITH A MADMAN.

BY WILLIAM A. TAAPE.

I was traveling in a "nailed train" on a "jerkwater railroad" in California. The train consisted of a motley and sinuous length of freight cars, with two passenger cars bringing up the rear. One of the passenger cars was a small one, and it was night. At either end a fluted and flickering light flamed the extremities of the car and intensified the darkness of the night. The only other occupant was a man at the further end, who sat directly under the light with his back toward me.

I had been smoking peacefully for half an hour, trying to subside, in the solace of tobacco, the vexation caused by the irritating slowness of the train as it rattled wearily along. I was in the latter part of the night, and I pressed my face against the window pane and tried to decipher objects in the outside blackness through which we were moving. Ghosts of telegraph poles flitted by in regular procession; the rails of the parallel track seemed to be racing with the train and keeping up with it. The lights, few and far between, told when a farmhouse was passed. This was neither exciting nor entertaining, and I turned from the window and looked at the man within. Then I noticed that the man at the further end had his arm thrown over the back of the seat and his face was turned toward me.

The conductor, with his lantern on his arm, entered at this moment and proved a temporary diversion. Was the train to stop? Yes, but the conductor was up before we reached the terminus. We had a couple of freight cars to drop at the next station and a couple to take on.

The delay worried me, and the conductor walked the length of the car, returned, and went into the rear car. Gradually I began to nod. My cigar fell from my fingers, and I dropped quietly over on my traveling bag beside me, dozed for awhile until awakened by a jerk from the train. I looked ahead and saw my fellow passenger. He still had his arm over the back of the seat and he appeared to be gazing steadfastly in my direction. I noticed he was not in the same seat as I was, but one row or four nearer my end of the car. I was just wondering how long I had been asleep and how long he had been watching me, when I saw him wink and step into the aisle and sit down in the next seat in my direction, his arm over his back and his face toward me as before. I was thoroughly awakened by this now, and a little uneasy to find he had gotten into the dark shadows of the car, and all I could discern was his form and the indistinct white disk of his face. Two more miles.

I leaned back, feigned sleep, and watched him through partly closed eyes. This, however, did not satisfy him, for he advanced two seats in quick succession. I counted the backs of the seats. He was still six away from me. For a moment I thought I could get up and leave the car. I would not have admitted that I was afraid, but there was something decidedly unamiable about the mysterious approval of the stranger in that darkened car, and I began to develop a rather healthy anxiety. Besides, I had forgotten my revolver when I left home. Had the conductor noticed I would have been grateful. Still I was determined to see what the man's object might be. As the rays from the light in my end of the car fell upon him, I was better able to make him out. I could see he was a man of about my own age and physique, with piercing black eyes which I thought I could detect no suspicion that I was not asleep. As I watched him advance, seat by seat, I wondered if he would attack me, and if I have I should regret it. My nerves were pretty good, but they were being sorely tried. Strange as it may seem, even during those critical moments, while the monotonous rattle of the train got into my head and compelled me to keep time of its regular but unmelancholic tempo.

Clack, clack, clackety-clack; clack, clack, clackety-clack, clackety-clack. It was not a question, but a affirmation, solemnly and slowly made.

"You are mistaken," I began, immediately relieved.

"You are my brother William," he said, "and I shall punish you as you punished me."

"I could stand it no longer; I opened my eyes and met his gaze. A long moment, and then:

"Well" from me.

"It was not my brother William."

"You are mistaken," I began, immediately relieved.

"You are my brother William," he said, "and I shall punish you as you punished me."

At this juncture, without any accountable reason, he paused, as if listening intently, and then, with a slight effort, he spoke to his brother, who was sitting at the extreme end of the car. Thereupon the door opened and the conductor stood beside him. At once he gave him a long, appreciative look, and then, several times he pointed to me.

The railway official came down the aisle, stopped and looked at me curiously.

"Conductor," said I, "that man is a lunatic."

In a few words I detailed the actions and declaration of my fellow passenger.

The conductor's expression of curiosity changed to one of amazement.

"Why," said he, "I have just been told you did all that yourself. Are you both lunatics?"

I was so astounded that I could think of nothing to say, and sat there looking at the conductor in an uncomprehendingly stupid way. That functionary studied me dubiously for awhile.

"Why," said he, "I have just been told you did all that yourself. Are you both lunatics?"

The extraordinary passenger now remained positively in his seat, with his back toward me. In a short while the train stopped. I looked out, but could discover no railway station. A brakeman rushed by and, making a dash for the forward freight cars, which the engine pulled away to the station, a quarter of a mile distant, leaving the two passenger cars standing alone on the plain.

The man ahead did not move. I turned to my bag for a second to get a fresh cigar, and the instant I turned, he was gone. I could not believe it possible for him to have left the car within that incredibly short space of time. My eyes quickly scanned the darkness of the night, and I saw the forward freight cars, which the engine pulled away to the station, a quarter of a mile distant, leaving the two passenger cars standing alone on the plain.

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GRAND ARMY REUNION.

The Encampment at St. Paul to Be Well Attended.

Some of the Gentlemen Who Desire to Be Comfortable in Their Homes Are Being Done for the Comfort of the Veterans.

(Special Chicago Letter.)

Citizens of St. Paul are deeply interested in the approaching encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in that city September 3-5 next, and are exerting themselves in effort to make the occasion a memorable one for all.

Members of the Grand Army are looking forward to the meeting with decided satisfaction, and they confidently predict that it will be the largest gathering of the kind in the history of the world.

The encampment will be held in the city of St. Paul, and the city is making every effort to make it a memorable one for all.

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the same time with it, for the reasons that most of the members have relatives who are members of the grand army and it is a matter of convenience that the meetings be held at the same time and in the same place. The Grand Army of the Republic are especially strong in Pennsylvania, outnumbering the Women's Relief corps in that state, but in other states they are more numerous throughout the United States. Both organizations promise to hold interesting meetings and to carry out the program of the grand army.

The present officers of the Grand Army of the Republic are Ivan N. Walker, commander in chief; Irwin G. Clark, adjutant general; and J. Burbank, quartermaster general; and these officers are kept busy arranging for the coming gathering. Quartermaster General Clark, whose headquarters are in Chicago, is especially active in promoting the work and giving his attention to its details.

Naturally enough, and as always is the case in advance of the encampment, greatest concern focuses about the selection of a successor to Commander in Chief Walker. The candidates are in the field and nominations would seem to have closed. The aspirants for the place are T. S. Clarkson, of Omaha; Daniel R. Bellon, of Rhode Island; and John Linehan, of New Hampshire. All of these men have excellent war records, and are worthy and good citizens.

Mr. Clarkson was originally from Illinois, from which state he entered the army in 1862, going west after the war. He has prospered in business, he being a very successful and astute broker of Omaha. He would seem to be the most formidable candidate for the position. At last year's encampment he was a candidate for commander in chief, but the sentiment for Mr. Walker was so strong that he was not elected. He is a man of about 55 years of age, is a man in manner, makes friends, and holds them, and possesses in strong degree the qualities of a leader.

Mr. Bellon is a native of Rhode Island, and he has been in the army since 1862. He is a man of about 55 years of age, is a man in manner, makes friends, and holds them, and possesses in strong degree the qualities of a leader.

Mr. Linehan is a native of New Hampshire, and he has been in the army since 1862. He is a man of about 55 years of age, is a man in manner, makes friends, and holds them, and possesses in strong degree the qualities of a leader.

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FOUND AMONG RUBBISH.

A Congressional Directory Issued in the Year 1838.

It Contains Information That Is of Great Interest to a Great Many of the People of a Century Has Changed Every Condition.

(Special Washington Letter.)

The congressional directory of the Fifty-fourth congress contains a list of 356 members of the house of representatives and 200 members of the senate, making a total of 445 members of both houses of congress. The directory gives the autobiographies of the members, and also their addresses while resident of the national capital.

How many years congressional directories have been authorized and printed is difficult now to ascertain. It has recently been made apparent, however, that a congressional directory was published in the year 1838, and it is presumed that it was by private enterprise and not by congressional authority. When the total membership of the senate was 200, and there were less than 200 members of the house of representatives, the directory was a small pamphlet. It has gradually grown into a volume of 200 pages.

The early directories did not give biographies of the congressmen, but simply noted their congressional districts, the states which they had represented, and the directories of the present day give condensed histories of the lives of the members, and also their addresses in their homes, and in the cities where they are now residing. Brief biographies are also given of the president, vice president and members of the cabinet, and of the members admitted to the press galleries, and an alphabetical list of the ambassadors, ministers, consuls general and consuls of the United States to foreign nations. Several pages are devoted to the ambassadors and other representatives of foreign governments at this capital, with their addresses in this city. Every public man and every newspaper man in Washington has a copy of the latest congressional directory on his desk, or within easy reach.

The directory of 50 years ago was altogether different, although the manner of information contained therein is of no less interest at this time. Therefore it is valuable, and the story of its discovery, with extracts from its pages, will be of interest to many.

While picking over a pile of debris from the ruins of the old city of New Orleans, a colored tureen found a small volume, yellowed by age, which he recklessly thrust into his bag with a varied assortment of junk.

It was a B street dealer in old bones, iron, rags and what not, and from his soiled little volume was obtained by a scribbler.

The unique title page of the book read as follows:

Congressional directory of the third session of the Twenty-fifth congress of the United States of America, December, 1838.

"Washington: Printed by J. Elliot, Jr. on Pennsylvania avenue, Price, 25 cents."

The title page is printed in queer antique and German letters, and the volume looks like a relic of the state of Maine, which was represented at that time by Senators John Ruggles and John Wilson, and by Representative John C. Calhoun.

As the boarding houses and hostlers in Washington were not numbered in 1838, the directory states that the residence of the late Mr. Lincoln, the Pennsylvania avenue, which his colleague, Hon. Richard W. Hams, was a guest at Mrs. Kennedy's.

New Hampshire follows, and the name of Franklin Pierce appears as one of its senators. His residence is also given as "No. 10, Broadway, New York."

Below New Hampshire comes Massachusetts, with Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams, Caleb Cushing and Levi Lincoln.

Then comes Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York. The Empire state was represented by Senators "Nat" P. Tallmadge and Silas Wright, Jr. in addition to representatives, including William H. Furness.

New Jersey is next,

